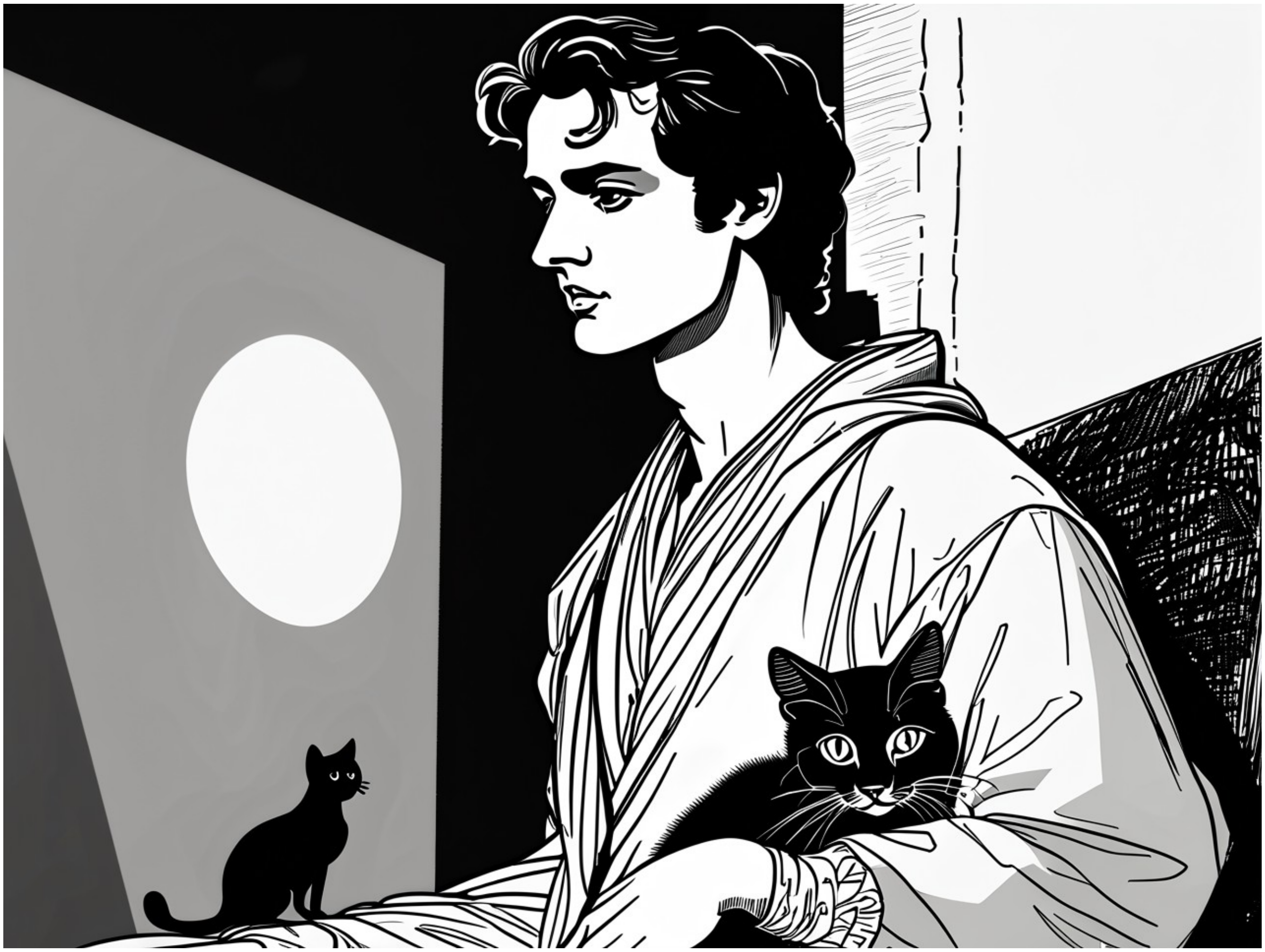

曼弗雷德：双语剧本版

MANFRED: A Bilingual Edition

Translation and Such by ZJC (2026)

第一幕，第一场

ACT I, SCENE I

场景： 哥特式长廊。

Scene: A Gothic Gallery.

时间： 午夜。

Time: Midnight.

曼弗雷德独自上场。

MANFRED alone.

曼弗雷德： 灯油必须添满，但即便如此，它也燃不了我必须守候的那么久。我的睡眠——如果我还能睡——并非安眠，而是思绪无情的延续，那时我无力抗拒。我的心中有一场守夜，这双眼闭上只为审视内心；然而我还活着，带着活人的形貌与外表。

MANFRED: The lamp must be replenish’d, but even then / It will not burn so long as I must watch: / My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep, / But a continuance of enduring thought, / Which then I can resist not: in my heart / There is a vigil, and these eyes but close / To look within; and yet I live, and bear / The aspect and the form of breathing men.

但悲痛本身应启迪智者。忧伤即是知识。知道得最深的人，必为那致命的真理哀悼最深：知识树并非生命树。

But grief should be the instructor of the wise; / Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the most / Must mourn the deepest o’er the fatal truth, / The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.

哲学与科学，惊奇的源泉，世间的智慧——我都尝试过了。我的心灵拥有令这一切臣服于它的力量，但它们于我无益。我曾施惠于人，也在人间遇过善意——但这于我无益。我树敌众多，却无人能挫败我，许多曾倒在我面前——但这于我无益。善，或恶，生命，力量，激情，我在众生身上所见的一切，于我皆如洒在沙土上的雨……自那无可名状的时辰之后。

Philosophy and science, and the springs / Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world, / I have essay’d, and in my mind there is / A power to make these subject to itself— / But they avail not: I have done men good, / And I have met with good even among men— / But this avail’d not: I have had my foes, / And none have baffled, many fallen before me— / But this avail’d not:—Good, or evil, life, / Powers, passions, all I see in other beings, / Have been to me as rain unto the sands, / Since that all-nameless hour.

我不感到恐惧——我感受到的是没有天然恐惧的诅咒，没有因希望或愿望而起的悸动，也没有对这世上任何事物潜藏的爱恋。

I have no dread, / And feel the curse to have no natural fear, / Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes or wishes, / Or winds itself about the petty existence / Of gentle companions.

现在，开始我的任务。

Now, to my task.

神秘的伟力！无垠宇宙的众灵！我曾在黑暗与光明中追寻的你们——环绕大地、居于精微本质之中的你们——人迹罕至的山巅是你们的居所，大地与海洋的洞穴是你们熟稔之处的你们——我凭这赋予我对你们权力的符咒召唤你们！现身！出现！

Mysterious Agency! / Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe! / Whom I have sought in darkness and in light— / Ye, who do compass earth about, and dwell / In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops / Of mountains inaccessible are haunts, / And earth’s and ocean’s caves familiar things— / I call upon ye by the written charm / Which gives me power upon you—Rise! Appear!

(他们还不来。)

(A pause.) They come not yet.

现在，以你们之中为首者的声音——以这令你们战栗的印记——以那不朽者的名义！现身！出现！出现！

Now by the voice of him who is the first / Among you—by this sign, which makes you tremble— / By the reluctant spirit of which is her / But for a time, I summon ye—Rise! Appear! Appear!

(若真如此……)

(A pause.) If it be so.

大地与空气的精灵，你们休想这样避开我。凭借比所有已动用的更深的伟力，一个诞生于受诅星辰的暴虐咒语——那被毁世界的燃烧残骸，永恒太空中的游荡地狱；凭借降临于我灵魂的强大诅咒，那在我之内、亦环绕我的意念，我迫使你们服从我的意志。现身！

Spirits of earth and air, / Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power, / Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell, / Which had its birth in a celestial curse, / A starry constellation, and a thing / Of burning wreck, or a wandering hell / In the eternal space; by the strong curse / Which is upon my soul, and shall be on yours, / Till I compassed by what I seek, / I do compel ye to my will—Rise!

(停顿。随后传来众灵的声音。)

(A pause. A Seventh Spirit appears with the voices of the others.)

第一精灵的声音： 凡人！听从你的召唤，从我云中的居所前来——这居所由黄昏的气息筑成，夏日的夕阳为我的穹庐镀上交融的蔚蓝与朱红。尽管你的追寻或许被禁，我已乘着星辉驰来。服从你的召令，凡人，说出你的愿望！

FIRST SPIRIT: Mortal! to thy bidding bow’d, / From my mansion in the cloud, / Which the breath of twilight builds, / And the summer’s sunbeam gilds / With the azure and vermilion, / Which is mix’d for my pavilion; / Though thy quest may be forbidden, / On a star-beam I have ridden: / To thine adjuration bow’d, / Mortal—be thy wish avow’d!

第二精灵的声音： 勃朗峰是众山之王。人们早已为他加冕，以岩石为宝座，云霭为长袍，冰雪为冠冕。森林束在他的腰间，雪崩握在他的手中；但在它坠落前，那雷霆万钧之球必须遵从我的号令暂停。冰川那寒冷而不安的身躯日复一日向前推进；但我才是命令它前行、或用其冰体阻滞它的人。我是此地的精灵。我能让这高山向其洞穴遍布的根基俯首、颤抖。你想从我这里得到什么？

SECOND SPIRIT: Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains; / They crown’d him long ago / On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, / With a diadem of snow. / Around his waist are forests braced, / The Avalanche in his hand; / But ere it fall, that thundering ball / Must pause for my command. / The Glacier’s cold and restless mass / Moves onward day by day; / But I am he who bids it pass, / Or with its ice delay. / I am the Spirit of the place, / Could make the mountain bow / And quiver to his cavern’d base— / What with me wouldst thou?

第三精灵的声音： 在碧蓝的水渊深处，波浪不起纷争，风是陌生的过客，海蛇拥有生命，人鱼正用贝壳装饰她碧绿的发丝——你的咒语之声却如风暴席卷海面而来。深沉的回声滚过我宁静的珊瑚殿堂。向海洋之灵袒露你的愿望吧！

THIRD SPIRIT: In the blue depth of the waters, / Where the wave hath no strife, / Where the wind is a stranger, / And the sea-snake hath life, / Where the Mermaid is decking / Her green hair with shells, / Like the storm on the surface / Came the sound of thy spells; / O’er my calm Hall of Coral / The deep echo roll’d— / To the Spirit of Ocean / Thy wishes unfold!

第四精灵的声音： 在沉睡的地震枕着火焰安眠之处，沥青的湖泊沸腾翻涌之处；安第斯山脉的根须深深扎入大地，其峰巅却向天空傲然耸立之处——我离开了诞生之地，来听从你的差遣。你的咒语已将我降服，你的意志将成为我的向导！

FOURTH SPIRIT: Where the slumbering earthquake / Lies pillow'd on fire, / And the lakes of bitumen / Rise boilingly higher; / Where the roots of the Andes / Strike deep in the earth, / As their summits to heaven / Shoot soaringly forth; / I have quitted my birthplace, / Thy bidding to bide— / Thy spell hath subdued me, / Thy will be my guide!

第五精灵的声音： 我是风的骑手，风暴的搅动者。我身后的飓风仍带着闪电的余温。为速来见你，我乘着狂风掠过了海岸与海洋。我遇到的船队航行稳健，却仍将在今夜沉没。

FIFTH SPIRIT: I am the Rider of the wind, / The Stirrer of the storm; / The hurricane I left behind / Is yet with lightning warm; / To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea / I swept upon the blast: / The fleet I met sail'd cheerfully, / For the last time they pass'd.

第六精灵的声音： 我的居所是夜的阴影。你的魔法为何要用光来折磨我？

SIXTH SPIRIT: My dwelling is the shadow of the night, / Why doth thy magic torture me with light?

第七精灵的声音： 主宰你命运的那颗星，在大地诞生之前，曾由我主宰。它曾是一个鲜亮美好的世界，一如任何环绕太阳运转的星体。它的轨道自由而规律；寰宇未曾怀抱过更可爱的星辰。时辰到来——它化作一团游荡的无形烈焰，一颗无路的彗星，一个诅咒，宇宙的威胁。它仍凭内在之力滚动，没有星体，没有轨道，高悬天上一个明亮的畸形，上层天空的怪物！

SEVENTH SPIRIT: The star which rules thy destiny / Was ruled, ere earth began, by me: / It was a world as fresh and fair / As e'er revolved round sun in air; / Its course was free and regular, / Space bosom'd not a lovelier star. / The hour arrived—and it became / A wandering mass of shapeless flame, / A pathless comet, and a curse, / The menace of the universe; / Still rolling on with innate force, / Without a sphere, without a course, / A bright deformity on high, / The monster of the upper sky!

而你！在其影响下诞生——你这蠕虫！我服从你却又蔑视你——被一种力量（那力量不属于你，只是暂借于你以使我成为你的主宰）迫使，在这短暂时刻降临此地，这些弱小的精灵环绕你弯腰，与你这样的东西交涉……你这泥胎凡子，找我何事？

And thou! beneath its influence born— / Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn— / Forced by a power (which is not thine, / And lent thee but to make thee mine) / For this brief moment to descend, / Where these weak spirits round thee bend / And parley with a thing like thee— / What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with me?

七精灵齐声： 大地、海洋、空气、黑夜、群山、风、你的星辰——皆听你差遣，泥胎凡子！在你面前，应你所求，它们的精灵在此。你这凡人之子，意欲何为？说！

THE SEVEN SPIRITS: Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains, winds, thy star, / Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of Clay! / Before thee at thy quest their spirits are— / What wouldst thou with us, son of mortals—say?

曼弗雷德： 忘却……

MANFRED: Forgetfulness—

第一精灵： 忘却什么？忘却谁？为何要忘？

FIRST SPIRIT: Of what—of whom—and why?

曼弗雷德： 忘却我内心之物。读读那里吧。你们知道它，而我无法言说。

MANFRED: Of that which is within me; read it there— / Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

精灵： 我们只能给予我们拥有的东西。向我们索要臣民、王权、主宰大地的力量——全部，或部分——或是能控制元素的标记，我等正是这些元素的统御者，每一个都是。这些都将属于你。

SPIRIT: We can but give thee that which we possess: / Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power / O’er earth—the whole, or portion—or a sign / Which shall control the elements, whereof / We are the dominators, each and all, / These shall be thine.

曼弗雷德： 湮灭。自我的湮灭。难道你们不能从你们如此慷慨提供的隐秘领域中，榨取出我所求之物吗？

MANFRED: Oblivion, self-oblivion! / Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms / Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

精灵： 那不在我们的本质里，不在我们的能力中……但是——你可以死去。

SPIRIT: It is not in our essence, in our skill; / But—thou may’st die.

曼弗雷德： 死亡能将它赐予我吗？

MANFRED: Will death bestow it on me?

精灵： 我们是不朽的，且不会遗忘；我们是永恒的；对我们而言，过去如同未来，即是现在。你得到答案了吗？

SPIRIT: We are immortal, and do not forget; / We are eternal; and to us the past / Is, as the future, present. Art thou answer’d?

曼弗雷德： 你们嘲弄我——但将你们带来此地的力量已使你们归属于我。奴隶们，休要嘲弄我的意志！这心灵，这精神，这普罗米修斯般的火花——我存在的炽烈闪电——与你们的一样明亮，一样无所不在，一样能刺穿遥远，绝不会向你们屈服，纵然被困于这泥胎之中！回答，否则我将让你们知道我是什么。

MANFRED: Ye mock me—but the power which brought ye here / Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will! / The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark, / The lightning of my being, is as bright, / Pervading, and far-darting as your own, / And shall not yield to yours, though coop’d in clay! / Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

精灵： 我们的回答一如之前；我们的答复正在你自己的话语之中。

SPIRIT: We answer as we answer’d; our reply / Is even in thine own words.

曼弗雷德： 什么意思？

MANFRED: Why say ye so?

精灵： 如果，如你所说，你的本质与我们相同，那么我们已经回答了你：凡人称之死亡的东西，与我们毫无干系。

SPIRIT: If, as thou say’st, thine essence be as ours, / We have replied in telling thee, the thing / Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

曼弗雷德： 我白白将你们从你们的领域召来。你们不能，或不愿，帮助我。

MANFRED: I then have summon’d ye from your realms in vain; / Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

精灵： 听着——我们拥有的，我们提供。它是你的。在打发我们走之前，好好想想。再问一次吧：王国，统治权，力量，与绵长的寿命。

SPIRIT: Say; / What we possess we offer; it is thine: / Bethink ere thou dismiss us; ask again— / Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and length of days—

曼弗雷德： 可恶！我与寿命何干？它们已经太长了。滚！消失！

MANFRED: Accursed! what have I to do with days? / They are too long already.—Hence—begone!

精灵： 且慢。既已在此，我们愿为你效劳。想一想吧，如果你愿意——难道就没有别的馈赠，能让我们赋予它在你眼中并非毫无价值的价值？

SPIRIT: Yet pause: being here, our will would do thee service; / Bethink thee, is there then no other gift / Which we can make not worthless in thine eyes?

曼弗雷德： 没有。一样也没有。不过等等——在分别之前，再等片刻。我想与你们面对面相见。我听见你们的声音，甜美而忧郁，如同水上的音乐；我看见一颗清晰巨星沉稳的容颜……但别无他物。以你们本来的样子接近我——或一个，或全部——用你们惯常的形貌。

MANFRED: No, none: yet stay—one moment, ere we part— / I would behold ye face to face. I hear / Your voices, sweet and melancholy sounds, / As music on the waters; and I see / The steady aspect of a clear large star; / But nothing more. Approach me as ye are, / Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

精灵： 除了我们所代表的元素——我们是它们的心智与法则——我们没有固定的形貌。但选择一个形貌吧——我们将以它显现。

SPIRIT: We have no forms beyond the elements / Of which we are the mind and principle: / But choose a form—in that we will appear.

曼弗雷德： 我无从选择。这世上没有任何形貌，无论丑陋或美丽，能触动我。让你们之中最强大者，以他认为最合适的姿态显现吧。来！

MANFRED: I have no choice; there is no form on earth / Hideous or beautiful to me. Let him, / Who is most powerful of ye, take such aspect / As unto him may seem most fitting—Come!

第七精灵：(以一位美丽女性形象显现。) 看！

SEVENTH SPIRIT: (Appearing in the shape of a beautiful female figure.) Behold!

曼弗雷德： 哦，上帝！若真是如此，而你并非疯狂的幻影与嘲弄，我或许还能拥有至福……我要拥抱你，我们将再度……

MANFRED: Oh God! if it be thus, and thou / Art not a madness and a mockery, / I yet might be most happy. I will clasp thee, / And we again will be—

(他难以自持。) 我的心……碎了！

(The figure vanishes.) My heart is crush'd!

(曼弗雷德不省人事，倒地。一个声音响起，吟诵下述咒语。)

(MANFRED falls senseless. A Voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.)

那个声音： 当月光洒在波浪，萤火虫闪烁于草丛，流星划过坟茔，鬼火游荡在沼泽；当流星纷纷坠落，猫头鹰彼此应和，寂静的叶子不再作响，在山峦的阴影里——我的灵魂将缠绕你的灵魂，带着力量与印记。

VOICE: When the moon is on the wave, / And the glow-worm in the grass, / And the meteor on the grave, / And the wisp on the morass; / When the falling stars are shooting, / And the answer'd owls are hooting, / And the silent leaves are still / In the shadow of the hill, / Shall my soul be upon thine, / With a power and with a sign.

纵使你沉睡深沉，你的灵魂也得不到安歇；有些魅影不会消散，有些思绪你无法驱赶；凭借一种你不懂的力量，你永远无法独处；你已被裹入尸布，你已被聚拢入云；你将永世栖居在这咒语的精魂里。

Though thy slumber may be deep, / Yet thy spirit shall not sleep; / There are shades which will not vanish, / There are thoughts thou canst not banish; / By a power to thee unknown, / Thou canst never be alone; / Thou art wrapt as with a shroud, / Thou art gather'd in a cloud; / And for ever shalt thou dwell / In the spirit of this spell.

纵使你不见我经过，你也会用眼睛感知我，如同一个虽看不见，却必在你身边、一直存在之物；当你在那隐秘的恐惧中蓦然回首，你将惊诧我并非你投在地上的影子——而你感受到的那股力量，将是你必须隐藏的秘密。

Though thou seest me not pass by, / Thou shalt feel me with thine eye / As a thing that, though unseen, / Must be near thee, and hath been; / And when in thy secret dread / Thou hast turn'd around thy head, / Thou shalt marvel I am not / As thy shadow on the spot, / And the power which thou dost feel / Shall be what thou must conceal.

一个魔咒般的嗓音与诗节，已为你施洗，将你诅咒；一个空气中的精灵，已用罗网将你擒获。风中有个声音，将禁止你欢欣；黑夜将对你吝啬，不再给你宁静的天空；白昼将有太阳，让你企盼它快些消亡。

And a magic voice and verse / Hath baptized thee with a curse; / And a spirit of the air / Hath begirt thee with a snare; / In the wind there is a voice / Shall forbid thee to rejoice; / And to thee shall Night deny / All the quiet of her sky; / And the Day shall have a sun, / Which shall make thee wish it done.

从你虚假的眼泪里，我蒸馏出一种足以致命的精华；从你自己的心中，我拧出了最黑暗源头里的黑血；从你自己的笑容里，我夺走了蛇，因为它曾盘踞在那里，如同藏身树丛；从你自己的唇上，我抽走了符咒，正是它赋予了这一切最深的伤害。在检验了所有已知的毒物后，我发现最强的，是你自身之毒。

From thy false tears I did distil / An essence which hath strength to kill; / From thy own heart I then did wring / The black blood in its blackest spring; / From thy own smile I snatch'd the snake, / For there it coil'd as in a brake; / From thy own lip I drew the charm / Which gave all these their chiefest harm; / In proving every poison known, / I found the strongest was thine own.

凭你冰冷的胸膛与蛇蝎般的微笑，凭你深不可测的诡计深渊，凭你那双最似纯洁的眼睛，凭你封闭灵魂的伪善；凭你完美的技艺，它将你非人的心伪装成人心；凭你以他人痛苦为乐，凭你该隐般的兄弟情谊，我召唤你！并强迫你成为你自己的地狱！

By thy cold breast and serpent smile, / By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile, / By that most seeming virtuous eye, / By thy shut soul's hypocrisy; / By the perfection of thine art / Which pass'd for human thine own heart; / By thy delight in others' pain, / And by thy brotherhood of Cain, / I call upon thee! and compel / Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

我将这瓶中之物倾于你顶，它注定你要经受这场试炼；安眠，与死亡，都无份于你的命运。尽管死亡仍看似临近你所愿，却只是作为一种恐惧；看！咒语此刻正缠绕你，无响的锁链已束缚你；那词语已同时传过你的心脏与脑髓——现在，枯萎吧！

And on thy head I pour the vial / Which doth devote thee to this trial; / Nor to slumber, nor to die, / Shall be in thy destiny; / Though thy death shall still seem near / To thy wish, but as a fear; / Lo! the spell now binds thee, / And the clankless chain hath bound thee; / O'er thy heart and brain together / Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

][][

第一幕，第二场

ACT I, SCENE II

场景： 少女峰山巅。

Scene: The Mountain of the Jungfrau.

时间： 清晨。

Time: Morning.

曼弗雷德独自登上悬崖。

MANFRED alone upon the Cliffs.

曼弗雷德： 我所召唤的精灵背弃了我，我所研习的咒语愚弄了我，我所寻求的解药折磨着我。我不再依赖超人之力的援助。它对过去无能为力；而对于未来，在过往被黑暗吞噬之前，未来也非我所能及。

MANFRED: The spirits I have raised abandon me, / The spells which I have studied baffle me, / The remedy I reck'd of tortured me; / I lean no more on superhuman aid, / It hath no power upon the past, and for / The future, till the past be gulf'd in darkness, / It is not of my search.

我的大地母亲！还有你，初破云霭的白昼！还有你们，群山——你们为何如此美丽？我无法爱你们。还有你，宇宙明亮的眼睛，普照万物，为众生带来欢愉——你的光芒却照不进我的心房。

My mother Earth! / And thou fresh-breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains, / Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye. / And thou, the bright eye of the universe, / That openest over all, and unto all / Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my heart.

还有你们，巉岩绝壁，我正立于你们极端的边缘，俯瞰下方激流之畔，高大的松树因令人晕眩的距离而缩成灌木；只需一跃、一动、甚至一次呼吸，我的胸膛便能永远安息于你岩石的怀抱……那么，我为何还踌躇？

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge / I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath / Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs / In dizziness of distance; when a leap, / A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring / My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed / To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?

我感到那股冲动，却没有纵身跃下。我看到那危险，却没有抽身后退。我的头脑晕眩，双脚却稳立不动。有一种力量抑制着我，注定我必须活下去——如果将这灵魂的荒芜穿在身上，成为自己灵魂的坟墓，也算活着的话——因为我已不再为自己的行为辩护，那正是邪恶最后、最顽固的弱点。

I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge; / I see the peril—yet do not recede; / And my brain dizzies—yet my foot is firm; / There is a power upon me which withholds, / And makes it my fatality to live; / If it be life to wear within myself / This barrenness of spirit, and to be / My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased / To justify my deeds unto myself— / The last infirmity of evil.

(一只鹰飞过。)

(An Eagle passes.)

曼弗雷德（续）： 啊，你这翅裂层云的使者，你的欢快飞行直抵最高的天堂！你尽可如此低旋靠近我——我本该成为你的猎物，喂饱你的幼雏。你飞往目力难及之处；但你的目光仍能洞穿下方、前方或上方，无远弗届。真美！

MANFRED (cont.): Ay, / Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister, / Whose happy flight is highest into heaven, / Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be / Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone / Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine / Yet pierces downward, onward, or above, / With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!

这可见的世界何等美丽！其自身与运行动作何等辉煌。但我们，自称为其主宰者的我们——我们，半身尘土，半身神明，既不适于沉沦也不适于高飞——用我们混杂的本质，搅乱了世界的元素，同时呼吸着堕落与骄傲的气息。我们在低微的欲望与崇高的意志间争斗，直到我们的凡性占据上风，而人成了……他们不敢对自己言说，亦不互相信任的东西。

How beautiful is all this visible world! / How glorious in its action and itself! / But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we, / Half dust, half deity, alike unfit / To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make / A conflict of its elements, and breathe / The breath of degradation and of pride, / Contending with low wants and lofty will, / Till our mortality predominates, / And men are—what they name not to themselves, / And trust not to each other.

(远处传来牧笛声。)

(The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.)

曼弗雷德（续）： 听！那曲调——山中芦笛的自然音乐——在这里，族长们的时代并非田园传说——自由的空气中笛声飘扬，混杂着闲逛畜群的甜美铃音。我的灵魂愿畅饮那些回响。哦，我多么希望成为那美妙声音无形的精魂！一个活生生的嗓音，一次呼吸般的和谐，一场无躯体的欢愉——随着创造我的那个神圣音调一同诞生，一同消逝！

MANFRED (cont.): Hark! the note, / The natural music of the mountain reed— / For here the patriarchal days are not / A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air, / Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd; / My soul would drink those echoes. Oh, that I were / The viewless spirit of a lovely sound, / A living voice, a breathing harmony, / A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying / With the blest tone which made me!

(从下方，一位猎人上场。)

(Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.)

猎人： 没错——岩羊就是从这边跳走的。它敏捷的脚让我束手无策；我今天的收获，怕是抵不上这玩命的辛苦。这是什么人？看穿着不像我这行当的，却登上了这般高度，就连我们山里人，除了最好的猎手，也没几个能上来。他衣着体面，神态英武，气度骄傲得像个生来自由的山民。我得走近些看看。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Even so / This way the chamois leapt: her nimble feet / Have baffled me; my gains to-day will scarce / Repay my labor:—What is here? who seems / Not of my trade, and yet hath reach'd a height / Which none until this hour hath dared to tread / Save steps as light as their own native snows. / His garb is rich, his mien is proud, / His aspect airy, his eye flashing free. / I will approach him nearer.

曼弗雷德 (未察觉对方)： 竟至于此——痛苦染白了头发，如同这些被摧残的松树，仅仅一冬就成了残骸——剥光了皮，折尽了枝，一段枯萎的树干立在受诅咒的根上，这树根如今只剩感受自身腐朽的功用……竟至于此，永远如此，而曾经并非如此！如今满脸沟壑，是被分秒而非岁月犁出；一个个时辰——尽数被折磨成漫漫世纪——这些时辰，我却比它们活得更久！

MANFRED (not perceiving the other): To be thus— / Gray-hair’d with anguish, like these blasted pines, / Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless, / A blighted trunk upon a cursed root, / Which feeds held on its own decay—to be / Thus, and for ever; and thus pass’d and to pass!— / My furrow’d brow / Is plough’d by moments, not by years; / And hours—all tortured into ages—hours / Which I outlive!

你们摇摇欲坠的冰崖！你们这些雪崩，一丝气息就能引发山岳倾覆般的掩埋——来啊，压垮我！我每时每刻都听见你们，在上方，在下方。你们频频撞击崩落；但你们掠过，只砸向那些仍想存活之物——砸向欣欣向荣的幼林，或是无辜村民的屋舍与村落。

Ye toppling crags of ice! / Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down / In mountainous o’erwhelming, come and crush me! / I hear ye momently above, beneath, / Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass, / And only fall on things that still would live; / On the young flourishing forest, or the hut / And hamlet of the harmless villager.

猎人： 山谷里的雾气开始升腾了。我得提醒他下山，不然他可能同时迷路丧命。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: The mists begin to rise from up the valley; / I’ll warn him to descend, or he may lose / His way and life together.

曼弗雷德： 雾气在冰川周围翻腾；云朵在我脚下急速盘旋升起，惨白而带着硫磺色，如同来自被搅动的深渊地狱之海的泡沫——那里的每一道波浪都拍打着活生生的岸，岸上堆满受诅者，如同卵石。我头晕目眩。

MANFRED: The mists boil up around the glaciers; clouds / Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury, / Like foam from the roused ocean of deep Hell, / Whose every wave breaks on a living shore, / Heap’d with the damn’d like pebbles.—I am giddy.

猎人： 我必须小心靠近。若离得近了，突然的脚步声会惊到他。而且他看起来已经摇摇欲坠。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: I must approach him cautiously; if near, / A sudden step will startle him, and he / Seems tottering already.

曼弗雷德： 山岳曾崩塌过，在云层中撕开缺口，其震动撼动了阿尔卑斯的群峰；将成熟翠绿的山谷填满毁灭的碎片；以一次猛烈的撞击阻塞河流，将水流碾成雾霭，迫使泉源另寻河道。正是如此，在其垂暮之年，罗森伯格山就这样崩塌了。为何我当时不站在它下面？

MANFRED: Mountains have fallen, / Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock / Rocking their Alpine echoes; earth-shaking, / Filling the mature and emerald valleys / With ruinous fragments; by a sudden crash / Damming the rivers with a sudden crash, / And turning the water into mist, and forcing / The springs to find new channels—even thus, / In its stage of decay, the Rosenberg fell: / Why stood I not beneath it?

猎人： 朋友！当心！你的下一步可能致命！看在造物主的份上，别站在那悬崖边上！

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Friend! have a care, / Your next step may be fatal!—for the love / Of Him who made you, stand not on that brink!

曼弗雷德 (未听见他)： 那本会是适合我的坟墓。我的骸骨便能在那深处获得安宁。它们便不会被抛散在岩石上任风戏耍——不像现在，像这样它们将遭遇的。在这纵身一跃中——永别了，你们敞开的天穹！别再这样责备地看着我。大地啊，你并非为我而造！收下这些尘芥吧！

MANFRED (not hearing him): Such would have been for me a fitting tomb; / My bones had then been quiet in their depth; / They had not then been scatter'd on the rocks / For the wind's pastime—as they shall be now. / In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening heavens! / Look not upon me thus reproachfully— / You were not meant for me—Earth! take these atoms!

(正当曼弗雷德要纵身跃下悬崖时，猎人抓住并阻止了他。)

(As MANFRED is in act to spring from the cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and retains him with a sudden effort.)

猎人： 住手，疯子！就算你活腻了，也别用你罪恶的血玷污我们纯洁的山谷。跟我走！我绝不会松手！

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Hold, madman!—though weary of thy life, / Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty blood— / Away with me—I will not quit my hold.

曼弗雷德： 我头晕目眩……不，别抓着我！！我浑身无力……群山在我周围旋转……我看不见了……你是谁？

MANFRED: I am giddy—ay, there's a power!—hold me! / I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl / Spinning around me—I grow blind—What art thou?

猎人： 我稍后会告诉你。先跟我离开这儿。云越来越厚了。来——现在靠着我。脚踩这儿——这儿。拿着这根棍子，暂时抓紧那丛灌木。现在把手给我，抓紧我的腰带。慢点……好了。到山间小屋不用一个小时。走吧。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: I'll tell thee that anon.—Away with me— / The clouds grow thicker—there—now lean on me— / Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling / A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand, / And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well— / The chalet will be gain'd within an hour— / Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing, / And something like a pathway, which the torrent / Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis bravely done— / You should have been a hunter.—Follow me.

(他们艰难地攀下岩石。幕落。)

(As they descend the rocks with difficulty, the curtain falls.)

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第二幕，第一场

ACT II, SCENE I

场景： 伯尔尼阿尔卑斯山间的一处小屋。

Scene: A Cottage amongst the Bernese Alps.

曼弗雷德与猎人上场。

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER.

猎人： 不，不——且慢。你现在还不能走。你的心神和身体都还不能彼此信任，至少几个小时内不行。等你感觉好些了，我可以为你带路。但你要去哪儿？

CHAMOIS HUNTER: No, no—yet pause awhile; yon step of yours / Is so unsettled, that the wind will shake it / Or the green turf o'erleap. I pray you, sit.

曼弗雷德： 无关紧要。我很清楚自己的路线，无需指引。

MANFRED: It matters not, my course for my own guide / Is clear enough; I need no further help.

猎人： 你的衣着和步态，都说明你出身高贵——是那些城堡建于峭壁、俯瞰低谷的众多领主之一。其中哪一座城堡称你为主人？我只认得它们的大门；我这样的生活，难得有机会下山去那些古老厅堂的巨大炉火边取暖，与臣仆们畅饮欢宴。但从我们这山间通往他们大门的小径，我自幼便熟稔于心。哪一条是通往你家的？

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Thy garb and gait bespeak thee of high lineage— / One of the many chiefs, whose castles stand / On the tall crags that overlook the vales / Exposed to every wind and winter's storm; / Which of these keepings is thine own? I know / All their wide portals;—in my mountain-life / I've seen the fires of many a festive hall / Light up the glaciers;—where is thine, Sir Count?

曼弗雷德： 无关紧要。

MANFRED: It matters not.

猎人： 好吧，先生，请原谅我的问题，也请你振作些。来，尝尝我的酒。这是陈年佳酿；在冰川之间，它曾多次温暖我的血脉。现在也让它对你也同样有效吧。来，与我公平地对饮一杯。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Well, Sir, pardon me the question, / And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine; / 'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day / 'T'as warm'd my very veins among the glaciers, / And now, let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me!

曼弗雷德： 拿走，拿走！杯沿上有血！难道它永远——永远——不会渗入大地吗？

MANFRED: Away, away! there's blood upon the brim! / Will it then never—never sink in the earth?

猎人： 你什么意思？你神志不清了。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

曼弗雷德： 我说那是血——是我的血！那曾在我祖先血脉中流淌的纯净温暖的溪流，在我们同心一意、以不应有的方式相爱时，当我们尚且年少，彼此赤诚相待之时，在我的血脉中流淌……而这血已流尽了。但它仍在不断升起，染红了将我隔绝于天堂之外的云层——那里没有你的位置，而我也永不能至。

MANFRED: I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream / Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours / When we were in our youth, and had one heart, / And loved each other as we should not love, / And this was shed: but it strengthens and outlives, / And it upbraids me with its fatal brightness, / Reddening the clouds which make a bar betwixt / Our souls and heaven—where thou art gone, and I / Can never follow.

猎人： 满口怪言的人啊，还有那让你在虚空中看见鬼影的、近乎疯狂的罪孽！无论你承受着怎样的恐惧与痛苦，总还有慰藉可得：圣洁之人的帮助，以及天国的耐心。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin, / Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er / Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet— / The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

曼弗雷德： 耐心！耐心！够了——那个词是为驮兽创造的，不是为猛禽。向与你同样尘土所造的凡人说教去吧。我与你们不是同类。

MANFRED: Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made / For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey; / Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,— / I am not of thine order.

猎人： 感谢上天！就算给我威廉·退尔那样的自由美名，我也不愿与你同类。但无论你遭受何种不幸，都必须忍受——而这些狂乱的发作毫无用处。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Thanks to heaven! / I would not be of thine for the free fame / Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill, / It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless.

曼弗雷德： 难道我没有忍受吗？看看我——我还活着。

MANFRED: Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

猎人： 这只是痉挛，不是健康的生命。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

曼弗雷德： 我告诉你，朋友，我活了许多年——许多漫长的年月——但与那些我必须计算的岁月相比，它们此刻不值一提：世纪——无尽的世纪！空间与永恒，还有意识，伴随着对死亡的猛烈渴求——却依然不得解渴！

MANFRED: I tell thee, man! I have lived many years, / Many long years, but they are nothing now / To those which I must number: ages—ages— / Space and eternity—and consciousness, / With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

猎人： 可是，你额上连中年的印记都几乎未见。我比你年长得多。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age / Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

曼弗雷德： 你以为存在取决于时间吗？确实如此；但行为才是我们的纪元。我的行为，已使我的日与夜变得不朽、无尽，且千篇一律——如同海岸上的沙粒，无数的原子；构成一片荒芜、寒冷的沙漠，狂暴的波浪拍打其上，却无一物停驻，只有残骸与沉船、礁石，以及苦涩的咸水沫与海草。

MANFRED: Think'st thou existence doth depend on time? / It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine / Have made my days and nights imperishable, / Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore, / Innumerable atoms; and one desert, / Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break, / But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks, / Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

猎人：(旁白) 唉！他疯了——但我还不能丢下他。

CHAMOIS HUNTER (aside): Alas! he's mad—but I must not leave him thus.

曼弗雷德： 我倒希望我是疯了，那么我所见的一切，就只是一场错乱的梦。

MANFRED: I would I were—for then the things I see / Would be but a distemper'd dream.

猎人： 你到底看见了什么，或者说你以为自己看见了什么？

CHAMOIS HUNTER: What is it / That thou dost see, or think thou look’st upon?

曼弗雷德： 我自己——和你。一个阿尔卑斯的山民：你谦卑的德行，好客的家园，还有那耐心、虔诚、骄傲而自由的灵魂；你那植根于纯洁思想的自尊；你健康的白昼与安眠的夜晚；你那因危险而显得高贵、却清白无辜的劳碌；对愉快晚年与一方安静坟茔的期盼，绿草茵茵的坟上有十字架与花环，你孙辈的爱便是墓志铭。这些我看见了——然后我看向内心。一切都无所谓了；我的灵魂早已被烧成焦土！

MANFRED: Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps— / Thy humble virtues, hospitable home, / And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free; / Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; / Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils, / By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes / Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave, / With cross and garland over its green turf, / And thy grandchildren’s love for epitaph; / This do I see—and then I look within— / It matters not—my soul was scorch’d already!

猎人： 那么，你愿意用你的命运交换我的吗？

CHAMOIS HUNTER: And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

曼弗雷德： 不，朋友！我不会亏待你，也不会与任何生者交换命运。我能承受——无论多么悲惨——这终究是承受——在活着时，承受他人在梦中都无法忍受、会在睡梦中死去的事物。

MANFRED: No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange / My lot with living being: I can bear — / However wretchedly, ’tis still to bear— / In life what others could not dream to sleep, / And live unhurt.

猎人： 既然如此——既然你对他人的痛苦尚有这份谨慎的体恤——你怎么可能满心邪恶？别这么说。一个心怀善念的人，怎会向仇敌施加报复？

CHAMOIS HUNTER: And with this steadfastness of spirit, why / Dost thou still look on me with such an eye / Of dark and hollow meaning? I have known / Such things as thou hast said of; but they pass’d.

曼弗雷德： 哦，不，不，不！我造成的伤害，落在了那些爱我的人身上——落在了我最爱的人身上。我从未击败过敌人，除了正当防卫——但我的拥抱才是致命的。

MANFRED: Oh, no, no, no! my injuries came down / On those who loved me—on those whom I loved best; / My foes have never suffer’d from my blow / Save in self-defence—but my embrace was fatal.

猎人： 愿上天赐你安宁！愿忏悔能使你恢复本心。我会为你祈祷。

CHAMOIS HUNTER: Heaven give thee rest! / And penitence restore thee to thyself; / My prayers shall be for thee.

曼弗雷德： 我不需要——但我能忍受你的怜悯。我该走了。是时候了。再见！这是给你的金子，还有谢意。不必多言；这是你应得的。别跟着我。我认得路；山间的险阻已经过去。我再次告诫你，别跟来！

MANFRED: I need them not, / But can endure thy pity. I depart— / ’Tis time—farewell!—Here’s gold, and thanks for thee; / No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not— / I know my path—the mountain peril’s past: / I once again beg of thee, follow not!

[曼弗雷德下。]

[Exit MANFRED.]

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第二幕，第二场

ACT II, SCENE II

场景： 阿尔卑斯山一处较低的河谷。一道瀑布。

Scene: A lower Valley in the Alps. A Cataract.

曼弗雷德上场。

Enter MANFRED.

曼弗雷德： 尚未到正午。虹霓的光芒仍以天上的诸多色彩拱悬于激流之上，将波光粼粼的银柱滚过悬崖陡直的立面，并将它泡沫飞溅的光线抛洒向前，来回摆动，宛如那苍白骏马的尾巴——正如《启示录》所云，那是死神坐骑之苍白长鬃。

MANFRED: It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch / The torrent with the many hues of heaven, / And roll the sheeted silver's waving column / O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular, / And fling its lines of foaming light along, / And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail, / The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death, / As told in the Apocalypse.

此刻，唯我双眼独享这瑰丽景象。我本该是这甜美孤寂中唯一的存在，与此地之灵共享这流水的礼赞。我要召唤她。 No eye / But mine now looks upon this amphitheatre, / I should be sole in this sweet solitude, / And with the Spirit of the place divide / The homage of these waters.—I will call her.

(曼弗雷德掬起一捧水洒向空中，同时低声念诵咒语。稍顿，阿尔卑斯女巫在瀑布虹霓的拱形光晕下升起。)

(MANFRED takes some of the water into the palm of his hand and flings it into the air, muttering the adjuration. After a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises beneath the arch of the sunbow of the torrent.)

曼弗雷德： 美丽的精灵！你有着光织的发丝，辉煌炫目的眼眸……青春的色泽，如同熟睡婴儿脸颊上的红晕，随着母亲心跳的节奏轻摇……为你天界的容颜染上色彩，令悬于你上方的虹霓之美也黯然失色。

MANFRED: Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light, / And dazzling eyes of glory... and the hue, / Of youth's self-shaded cheek, which care-set slumbers, / Tinged by thy mother's smile... into thy celestial aspect, and make tame / The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.

美丽的精灵！在你宁静明澈的额间，映照着灵魂的安详——其本身便昭示着不朽——我读到你将宽恕一个大地之子，那些更为幽玄的伟力允许他时而与它们交流，只要他能凭自己的咒语如此召唤你，并凝视你片刻。

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow, / Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul, / Which of itself shows immortality, / I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son / Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit / At times to commune with them—if that he / Avail him of his spells to call thee thus, / And gaze on thee a moment.

女巫： 大地之子！我认识你，也认识赋予你力量的那些伟力。我知道你是个思绪万千的人，行善作恶皆走极端——你命定遭受苦难，而苦难也将你毁灭。我早预料到你的到来。你想从我这里得到什么？

WITCH: Son of Earth! I know thee, and the powers which give thee power; / I know thee for a man of many thoughts, / And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both, / Fatal and fated in thy sufferings. / I have expected thee. What wouldst thou with me?

曼弗雷德： 只为瞻仰你的美丽——别无他求。大地的容颜已令我疯狂，于是我遁入她的奥秘之中，刺探那些主宰她的存在的居所。但他们皆无力助我。我曾向他们寻求他们无法赐予之物，如今我不再追寻了。

MANFRED: To look upon thy beauty—nothing further. / The face of the earth hath madden’d me, and I / Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce / To the abodes of those who govern her— / But they can nothing aid me. I have sought / From them what they could not bestow, and now / I search no further.

女巫： 还有什么追求，是连最强大的存在、那些无形世界的统治者，也无能为力的？

WITCH: What could be the quest / Which is not in the power of the most powerful, / The rulers of the invisible?

曼弗雷德： 一个恩惠；但我何必重提？那是徒劳。

MANFRED: A boon; / But why should I repeat it? ’twere in vain.

女巫： 我不得而知；让你双唇将它说出。

WITCH: I know not that; let thy lips utter it.

曼弗雷德： 好吧，尽管它折磨着我，所求依然如故；我的痛楚终将发声。自青年时代起，我的灵魂便不曾与凡人的灵魂同行，也不曾以人类的双眼观看大地。

MANFRED: Well, though it torture me, ’tis but the same; / My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards / My spirit walk’d not with the souls of men, / Nor look’d upon the earth with human eyes.

他们对野心的渴求非我所愿；他们生存的目标非我所求；我的喜悦、我的悲伤、我的激情、我的力量，使我成了一个异类。我虽具人形，却对呼吸的血肉之躯毫无共鸣；在我周遭的泥胎造物中，也唯有一人——但她的事，容后再说。

The thirst of their ambition was not mine, / The aim of their existence was not mine; / My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers, / Made me a stranger; though I wore the form, / I had no sympathy with breathing flesh, / Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me / Was there but one who—but of her anon.

...我早年的力量在其中欢欣雀跃；或是彻夜追随运行不止的月亮，观察星辰及其轨迹；或是捕捉炫目的闪电直至目眩；或是凝神倾听，看秋风在夜色中如歌吹拂，落叶纷飞。这些是我的消遣，还有独处。

My early strength / To quaff the foam-fountains; to sleep / On the chill-white peaks; to follow the moon; / To gaze on the lightning; to listen / To the autumn wind’s singing. These were my pastimes, and to be alone.

而后，在我孤独的漫游中，我潜入死亡的洞穴，从其果探寻其因；并从枯骨、颅骨与堆积的尘土中，得出了最为禁忌的结论……我让自己的双眼熟悉了永恒。

Then, in my solitudes I settled down / Upon the caves of Death, to search its cause / From its effect; and drew from wither’d bones, / And skulls, and heap’d-up dust, conclusions most / Forbidden. ... I made / My eyes familiar with Eternity.

女巫： 说下去。

WITCH: Proceed.

曼弗雷德： 啊！我如此拖延言词，夸耀这些无用的资质，只因当我触及内心悲恸的核心时……然而，的确有一人。

MANFRED: Oh! I but thus prolong'd my words, / Boasting these quittance of my useless gifts, / Which—but to our core of sorrow... / Yet there was one—

女巫： 不必顾惜自己——说下去。

WITCH: Spare not thyself—proceed.

曼弗雷德： 她的轮廓与我相似——她的眼睛，她的头发，她的容貌，一切，甚至据说她说话的声调，都酷似于我……但一切都变得柔和，并淬炼成美丽。

MANFRED: She was like me in lineaments—her eyes, / Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone / Even of her voice, they said were like to mine; / But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty.

她有着同样孤独的思绪与漫游，对隐秘知识的求索，以及一颗渴望理解宇宙的心灵。不仅如此；她还拥有那些比我更温柔的力量——怜悯、微笑与泪水——这些我都不曾拥有……她的缺点是我的；她的美德属于她自己。我爱她——却又毁了她！ She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings, / The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind / To comprehend the universe: and besides, / She had the gentler powers—which I had not, / Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had not... / Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own— / I loved her, and destroy'd her!

女巫： 用你的手？

WITCH: With thy hand?

曼弗雷德： 不是用手，是用心——我的心碎了她的心。她凝视着我，然后枯萎了。我曾使他人流血，但非她的血；然而，她的血确实流尽了。我目睹了——却无力止住。

MANFRED: Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart; / It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed / Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood was shed; / I saw—and could not staunch it.

女巫： 就为了这个——一个你鄙视的族类中的一员……你就放弃了我们伟大知识的馈赠，退缩回那怯懦的凡俗生命中去？走开！

WITCH: And for this— / A being of the race thou dost despise... / Hast thou compromised the gifts of our great knowledge, / And shrunk back into coward life? Begone!

曼弗雷德： 空气的女儿！我告诉你，自那时起……看看我睡梦中的模样，或观察我清醒时的守候。来，坐到我身边！我的孤寂不再是孤寂，而是住满了复仇女神。我曾祈求疯狂作为一种恩赐——它被拒绝。我曾直面死亡……我栖居于我的绝望之中——活着，并永远活下去。

MANFRED: Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since that hour— / Behold me in my slumbers—and survey / The vigilance of my despair. Come, sit! / My solitude is being peopled by / The Furies. I have pray'd / For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me. / I have affronted Death... / I dwell in my despair— / And live—and live for ever.

女巫： 或许我能帮助你。

WITCH: I perchance may help thee.

曼弗雷德： 要做到这点，你的力量必须唤醒死者，或将我与他们一同埋葬。做吧——以任何形态，在任何时辰，用任何酷刑——只要那是最后一次。

MANFRED: To do that, thy power / Must wake the dead, or lay me low with them. / Do so—in any shape—in any hour— / With any torture, so it be the last.

女巫： 那非我权能所及。但若你愿发誓服从我的意志，听从我的差遣，或许能助你达成所愿。

WITCH: That is not in my province; but if thou / Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do / My bidding, it may help thee to thy wishes.

曼弗雷德： 我不会发誓。服从？服从谁？不。绝无可能！岂有向受我号令之灵效忠、反作我仆从之奴隶之理？

MANFRED: I will not swear. Obey! and whom? the spirits / Whose presence I command, and be the slave / Of those who served me—Never!

女巫： 仅此而已？你没有更温和的答复吗？再想想，决定之前请三思。

WITCH: Is this all? / Hast thou no gentler answer? Yet bethink thee, / And pause ere thou rejectest.

曼弗雷德： 我已说过。

MANFRED: I have said it.

女巫： 够了！那么我离去便是——说吧！

WITCH: Enough!—I may depart then—say!

曼弗雷德： 离去！

MANFRED: Begone!

(女巫消失。)

(The WITCH disappears.)

曼弗雷德： 我们皆是时间与恐惧的愚人……我的学问中尚存一条途径：我能召唤死者，询问他们我们究竟惧怕成为什么。最严厉的答案也无非是坟墓，而那算不得什么。倘若我从未活过，我所爱之人应仍活着……在此刻，我畏惧我将行之事。直到此刻之前，我从未因凝视精魂——无论善恶——而退缩；如今我却战栗……但我能践行我最憎恶之事，并直面人类的恐惧。黑夜将至。

MANFRED: We are the fools of Time and Terror... / There is a power / Still in my science—I can spell the dead, / And ask them what it is we dread to be: / The sternest answer can but be the Grave, / And that is nothing—if they answer not... / If I had never lived, that which I loved / Had still been living; had I never loved, / That which I loved had still been beautiful— / Happy and giving happiness. ... I dread / Before I do the thing. I have not shrunk / From spirit-illumined—but now I shudder... / But I can act even what I most abhor, / And champion human fears. The night approaches.

[下。]

[Exit.]

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第二幕，第三场

ACT II, SCENE III

场景： 少女峰之巅。

Scene: The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

第一命运上场。

Enter FIRST DESTINY.

第一命运： 月亮正升起，浑圆、宽阔而明亮。在此处，从未有凡俗人足踏足的雪原上，我们每夜行走，不留痕迹。越过那荒芜之海，那由山巅之冰筑成的晶莹大洋，我们掠过它嶙峋的冻浪——它们呈现出翻腾风暴的泡沫模样，瞬间冻结；一幅死寂漩涡的图景。

FIRST DESTINY: The moon is rising broad, and round, and bright; / Adown the fatal precipice, / The snows which never pass away / In the unmeasur’d depth of ice, / Are stirr’d as by a storm (yet all is still) / Upon the dizzy verge. ... The crystal ocean of the mountain ice / Rolls its frozen billows, / Form’d in the mixing of the elements / And all arrested in their tumbling course, / A life-less world of eddies.

而这最陡峭、最奇异的尖峰，某次地震造就的镂空石雕，云霭行经时会在此驻足歇息，乃是专供我们欢宴或守夜之所。我在此等候我的姐妹们。我们正前往阿里曼尼斯之殿，因今夜是我们的盛大祭典。

And this most steep fantastic pinnacle, / The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds / Pause to repose themselves in passing by— / Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils; / Here do I wait my sisters, on our way / To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night / Is our great festival.

幕外第一声（歌唱）： 那被囚的篡位者，从王座被狠狠摔落，在麻木中长埋，被遗忘，孤独落魄；我打破他的沉睡，我震碎他的锁链，我令他与人结盟——他再度成为暴君！

VOICE (without): The captive Usurper, / From his pride of place, / Is scatter’d and driven / In utter disgrace; / I broke through his slumbers, / I shiver’d his chain, / I leagued him with mortals— / He’s Tyrant again!

以百万人的鲜血，他将回报我的关照，以一国的毁灭——他的溃逃与绝望。

With the blood of a million he’ll answer my care, / With a nation’s destruction—his flight and despair.

幕外第二声（歌唱）： 船在航行，船行得快，但我未留一帆，也未留一桅；船壳或甲板没有一块木板剩下，也没有一个可怜虫为沉船哀叹；除了一人，他泅水时被我揪住头发，他是个值得我关照的绝佳对象；陆上是叛徒，海上为海盗——但我救了他，好让他为我掀起更多祸害！

SECOND VOICE (without): The ship sail’d on, the ship sail’d fast, / But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast; / There is not a plank of the hull or the deck, / And there is not a wretch to lament o’er his wreck; / Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the hair, / And he was a subject well worthy my care; / A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea— / But I saved him to wreak further havoc for me!

第一命运（以歌应答）： 城市正沉睡。黎明或许会哭泣着降临，为其哀悼。阴沉地，缓慢地，黑死病飞越其上——千万人倒毙。悲伤，痛苦，邪恶，与恐惧，笼罩一国——死者方为有福，他们看不见自己荒芜的景象！

FIRST DESTINY (answering): The city lies sleeping; / The morn, to deplore it, / May dawn on it weeping: / Sullenly, slowly, / The black plague flew o’er it— / Thousands lie lowly; / Sorrow and blushing are over the nations— / And the coming of things which shall be, and have been, / But the dead are the happy, who hear not the groan / Of a world that is moaning!

这一夜之功——这一国之毁——这我亲手所为的壮举！我行之已久，并将不断重演！

This work of a night—this wreck of a state— / Done by the spirit of evil and fate! / I have done it—and will do!

(第二命运与第三命运上场。)

(Enter SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.)

三命运齐声： 赐予即索取，奴隶之魂灵。人心在我手，坟茔在足下。

THE THREE: Our hands contain the hearts of men, / Our footsteps are their graves; / We only give to take again / The spirits of our slaves!

第一命运： 欢迎！涅墨西斯在哪儿？

FIRST DESTINY: Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

第二命运： 在处理些大事；具体何事我不知晓，因我手头也忙得很。

SECOND DESTINY: At some great work; / But what I know not, for my hands were full.

第三命运： 看——她来了。

THIRD DESTINY: Behold she comes.

(涅墨西斯上场。)

(Enter NEMESIS.)

第一命运： 说，你去哪儿了？你和我的姐妹们今晚可有些迟了。

FIRST DESTINY: Say, where hast thou been? / My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

涅墨西斯： 我被耽搁了：修补破碎的王座，撮合愚人联姻，复辟王朝；助人对仇敌复仇，又令他们懊悔自己的报复；刺激智者直至疯狂；并从愚钝者中，塑造新的神谕来重新统治世界——因为旧的那些已然过时，凡人竟敢自行思考，用天平称量君王的分量，并谈论自由，那禁忌的果实。

NEMESIS: I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones, / Marrying fools, restoring dynasties, / Avenging men upon their enemies, / And making them repent their own revenge; / Goading the wise to madness; from the dull / Shaping out oracles to rule the world / Afresh, for they were waxing out of date, / And men had gnaw'd on each other, and talk'd / Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!

走吧！我们已耽搁了时辰。让我们驾云启程！

We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds!

[同下。]

[Exeunt.]

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第二幕，第四场

ACT II, SCENE IV

场景： 阿里曼尼斯之殿。阿里曼尼斯端坐于王座，手握一团火球，众灵环绕。

Scene: The Hall of Arimanes. Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire in his hand, and the Spirits around him.

众灵之歌： 礼赞吾主！大地与空气的君王！您行于云水之间……生命属于您，连同其无尽的苦痛——万有的精魂皆归于您！

HYMN OF THE SPIRITS: Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air! / Who walks the clouds and waters... Life is his, / With all its infinite of agonies— / And his the spirit of whatever is!

(三命运与涅墨西斯上场。)

(Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.)

第一命运： 荣耀归于阿里曼尼斯！他在人间的威权正日益增长。

FIRST DESTINY: Glory to Arimanes! on the earth / His power increaseth.

(曼弗雷德上场。)

(Enter MANFRED.)

第一精灵： 此为何物？一个凡人！你这鲁莽而自取灭亡的可怜虫！跪下礼拜！

A SPIRIT: What is here? / A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch, / Bow down and worship!

曼弗雷德： 我听见了；但你们也看到，我并未下跪。

MANFRED: I hear thee; and the powers which give thee power / I know; and see not why I should bow down.

第五精灵： 你胆敢拒绝宝座上的阿里曼尼斯？……跪下！我命令你。

FIFTH SPIRIT: Dost thou dare / Refuse to Arimanes on his throne / What the whole earth accords... / Kneel, and blaspheme not, else the world shall tremble!

曼弗雷德： 叫他向那高于他的存在跪拜；那至高无上的无限者——那位创造他并非为了受人崇拜，而是为了劳作的造物主。且让他跪拜，你我再同往。

MANFRED: Bid him bow down to that which is above him, / The overruling Infinite—the Maker / Who made him not for worship—let him kneel, / And we will kneel together.

第一命运： 住手！退开！——他归我管辖……不可见力量的君主！此人非同寻常……他的知识、力量与意志……乃是泥胎之躯极少承载过的。

FIRST DESTINY: Crush the worm! / Back, on your lives!—he is mine. / Prince of the Powers invisible! This man / Is of no common order... his knowledge, and his powers and will... / As much as is allow’d to fleshly nature.

涅墨西斯： 那他为何来此？

NEMESIS: What doth he here?

曼弗雷德： 你们知道我所知道的；若无力量，我不可能置身你们之中。但还有更深邃的力量——而我前来，正是要索取它们。召唤死者——我的问题是为他们准备的。

MANFRED: Ye know what I have known; and without power / I could not be amongst ye: but there are / Powers deeper still beyond—I come in quest / Of such, to call upon them. Call the dead— / My question is for them.

涅墨西斯： 你要召唤何人？

NEMESIS: Whom would’st thou unsepulchre?

曼弗雷德： 一个没有坟墓的人。召唤阿斯塔特。

MANFRED: One without a tomb—call up Astarte.

(阿斯塔特的幽灵升起，默然伫立。)

(The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and stands in the midst.)

曼弗雷德： 这能是死亡吗？她面颊上犹有红晕……阿斯塔特！不，我无法对她说话——但请让她开口。宽恕我，或是谴责我！

MANFRED: Can this be death? there’s bloom upon her cheek; / But now I see it is no living hue... / Astarte!—No, I cannot speak to her— / But bid her speak to me.

涅墨西斯： 凭那打破囚禁你之坟墓的力量，对那向你说话者……开口！依然沉默！她不属于我等秩序，而归于另一方力量。凡人！你的追寻失败了。

NEMESIS: By the power which hath broken the slumber which bound thee, / Speak to him who hath spoken... / She is silent, / And must be summon’d with a mightier spell. / Mortal! thy quest is vain, and so is ours.

曼弗雷德： 听我说，听我说——阿斯塔特！我的挚爱！对我说话吧。我已承受了太多。看看我！坟墓并未改变你，正如我被你所改变的程度。

MANFRED: Hear me, hear me— / Astarte! my beloved! speak to me: / I have so much endured—so much endure— / Look on me! the grave hath not changed thee more / Than I am changed for thee.

我曾彻夜守望星辰，也曾仰望苍穹，徒劳地搜寻你的踪迹。对我说话吧！……对我说话吧！即便是出于愤怒！让我听你一次，就一次！就一次！

I have outwatch’d the stars, / And gazed o’er heaven in vain in search of thee. / Speak to me! ... Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but say— / I reck not what—but let me hear thee once— / This once—once more!

阿斯塔特的幽灵： 曼弗雷德！

PHANTOM: Manfred!

曼弗雷德： 哦！说啊——说啊！我仅凭这声音活着——这是你的声音！

MANFRED: Say on, say on— / I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!

阿斯塔特的幽灵： 曼弗雷德！明日，你尘世的苦难便将终结。永别了！

PHANTOM: Manfred! To-morrow ends thine earthly ills. / Farewell!

曼弗雷德： 别走！告诉我——我可得到宽恕？

MANFRED: Yet one word more—am I forgiven?

阿斯塔特的幽灵： 永别了！

PHANTOM: Farewell!

曼弗雷德： 别走！告诉我——我们能否重逢？

MANFRED: Say, shall we meet again?

阿斯塔特的幽灵： 永别了！

PHANTOM: Farewell!

曼弗雷德： 别走！告诉我——你可还爱我？

MANFRED: One word for mercy! Say, thou lovest me.

阿斯塔特的幽灵： 曼弗雷德！

PHANTOM: Manfred!

(幽灵消散。)

(The Spirit of ASTARTE disappears.)

涅墨西斯： 她已离去，无法召回。她的话语必将应验。返回尘世去吧。

NEMESIS: She's gone, and will not be recall'd; / Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the earth.

一精灵： 他浑身抽搐……

A SPIRIT: He is convulsed...

另一精灵： 等等——看见了吗？他控制住了自己，使他的痛苦屈从于他的意志。他若是我等一员，必会成为一位令人畏惧的精魂。

ANOTHER SPIRIT: Yet see, he mastereth himself, and makes / His torture tributary to his will. / Had he been one of us, he would have made / An awful spirit.

曼弗雷德： 离去了……而她赐予的这份恩典，使我此刻离去时，犹负一份债务。

MANFRED: She is gone... / And I must follow.

[下。]

[Exit MANFRED.]

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第三幕，第一场

ACT III, SCENE I

场景： 曼弗雷德城堡内的一间大厅。

Scene: A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.

曼弗雷德与赫尔曼上场。

MANFRED and HERMAN.

曼弗雷德： 现在是什么时辰？

MANFRED: What is the hour?

赫尔曼： 离日落还有一个小时，看来会是个宜人的黄昏。

HERMAN: It wants but one till sunset, / And promises a lovely twilight.

曼弗雷德： 塔楼里的一切，是否都按我的吩咐安排妥当了？

MANFRED: Say, / Are all things so disposed of in the tower / As I directed?

赫尔曼： 一切均已就绪，大人；这是钥匙和匣子。

HERMAN: All, my lord, are ready; / Here is the key and casket.

曼弗雷德： 很好。你可以退下了。

MANFRED: It is well: / Thou may’st retire.

[赫尔曼下。]

[Exit HERMAN.]

曼弗雷德： 一种平静降临于我——一种难以言喻的安宁……倘若我不认为哲学仅是虚妄……我几乎要认定那金色的秘密、那被追寻的“至善”，已然找到并安坐于我的灵魂之中。

MANFRED: There is a calm upon me— / Inexplicable stillness! which till now / Did not belong to what I knew of life. / If that I did not know philosophy / To be of all our vanities the motliest, / The merest word that ever fool’d the ear / From out the schoolman’s jargon, I should deem / The golden secret, the sought "Kalon," found, / And seated in my soul.

这不会持久，但能知晓其存在，哪怕仅此一遭，也是好的。它以一种新的感知拓展了我的思想。

It will not last, / But it is well to have known it, though but once: / It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new sense, / And I should kneel, and humbly thank the powers / Which made me thus a being of the earth.

[赫尔曼重上。]

[Re-enter HERMAN.]

赫尔曼： 大人，圣莫里斯的修道院长请求觐见。

HERMAN: My lord, the Abbot of St. Maurice craves / Admittance to your presence.

圣莫里斯修道院长（上场）： 愿您平安，曼弗雷德伯爵！

ABBOT: Peace be with Count Manfred!

曼弗雷德： 感谢您，神父！欢迎光临寒舍；您的到来令此地蓬荜生辉，也福泽居于此间的人。
MANFRED: Thanks, holy father! welcome to these walls; / Thy presence honours them, and blesseth those / Who dwell within them.

院长： 但愿如此，伯爵……关于您名讳的流言四起，离奇且不祥……据说，您与那些人类不应探究的事物交谈。

ABBOT: Would it were so, Count! / ...Rumours strange, / And of unholy nature, are abroad, / And busy with thy name; a noble name / For centuries; ... ’Tis said thou holdest converse / With the things forbidden by the church.

曼弗雷德： 又是哪些人在断言这些事情?

MANFRED: And who are they who do avouch these things?

院长： 我虔诚的教友们——受惊的乡民——甚至您自己的封臣……我来是为拯救，而非毁灭。

ABBOT: My pious brethren—the scared peasantry— / Even thy own vassals, who do look on thee / With most unquiet eyes. ... I come to save, / And not destroy.

曼弗雷德： 我听见了。我的回答是：无论我曾是什么，或现在是什么，都只关乎上天与我自身之间。我不会选择一个凡人来充任我的中保。

MANFRED: I hear thee. This is my reply: whate’er / I may have been, or am, doth rest between / Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a mortal / To be my mediator.

院长： 我的孩子！我所说的并非惩罚，而是忏悔与宽恕。

ABBOT: My son! I speak not of punishment, but penitence / And pardon.

曼弗雷德： 老先生！圣洁之人没有力量，祈祷没有魔力……没有任何未来的痛苦，能对自我定罪者施加比他自己施加于灵魂之上的、更公正的刑罚。

MANFRED: Old man! there is no power in holy men, / Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form / Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast, / Nor agony— ... Which can exorcise from the unbounded spirit / The quick-eyed memories of its own dead crimes, / ... There is no future pang / Can deal that justice on the self-condemn’d / He deals on his own soul.

院长： 这一切都说得通……赎罪的开始，便是意识到其必要性。留下吧——凡我教会所能教导的，您都将受教。

ABBOT: All this is well; / For this will pass away, and be succeeded / By an auspicious hope, which shall look up / With calm assurance to that blessed place / Which all who seek may win. ... Come with me, / And I will teach thee all our church can teach.

曼弗雷德： 当罗马的第六位皇帝濒临末日……一名士兵，装出忠诚的怜悯，想用他多余的袍子堵住那喷涌的喉咙。垂死的罗马人将他推开，说道——“太迟了——这就是忠诚吗？”

MANFRED: When Rome’s sixth emperor was near his last, / The victim of a self-inflicted wound, / To shun the public tyranny of those / Whom he had make his slaves—a soldier, with / A show of loyal pity, would have stanch’d / The gushing throat with his abounding robe; / The dying Roman thrust him back, and said— / Some empire still in his expiring gaze— / "It is too late—is this fidelity?"

院长： 这又如何？

ABBOT: And what of this?

曼弗雷德： 我的回答与那罗马人一样——“太迟了。”

MANFRED: I answer with the Roman— / "It is too late!"

院长： 与自己的灵魂和解，永远不会太迟。

ABBOT: It never can be so, / To reconcile thyself with thy own soul, / And thy own soul with Heaven.

曼弗雷德： 是啊，神父！我年轻时也曾有过那些尘世的愿景与崇高的抱负……我不屑于与群氓为伍，即便成为首领——哪怕是狼群的首领。狮子是孤独的，我也如此。

MANFRED: Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions / And noble aspirations in my youth... / I could not tame my nature down; for he / Must serve who fain would sway—and soothe—and sue— / ... I disdained to mingle with / A herd, though to be leader—and of wolves. / The lion is alone, and so am I.

院长： 那为何不与他人共同生活、行动？

ABBOT: And why not live and act with other men?

曼弗雷德： 因为我的天性厌恶生命；但并非残忍，因我不会制造荒芜，只会寻觅荒芜。如同那风……那最孤寂的阿拉伯西蒙风的灼热呼吸……我的生存轨迹便是如此。

MANFRED: Because my nature was averse from life; / And yet not cruel; for I would not make, / But find a desolation:—like the wind, / The red-hot breath of the most lone Simoom, / Which dwells but in the desert... such have I been.

院长： 唉！我恐怕您已非我及我的使命所能救助……

ABBOT: Alas! I fear that thou art past all aid / From me and from my calling.

曼弗雷德： 看看我吧！这世上有一类人，他们在年轻时便已衰老……有些死于心碎或心死——因这最后一种病症，所夺性命比命运簿上记载的更多。

MANFRED: Look on me! there is an order / Of mortals on the earth, who do become / Old in their youth, and die ere middle age... / Some of heart-break, or of broken hopes— / ... Look on me! there is an order / Of mortals on the earth...

院长： 然而，请听我说完——

ABBOT: And yet hear me—

曼弗雷德： 老先生！我尊重您的教会，也敬重您的年岁。我视您的意图为虔诚，但那是徒劳的……那么——就此别过。

MANFRED: Old man! I do respect / Thy sacred calling, and thy holier age... / But it is vain—so fare thee well.

[曼弗雷德下。]

[Exit MANFRED.]

院长： 这本该是一个高贵的造物。他拥有的一切能量，本可将那些辉煌的元素塑造成美好的形体……但如今，这成了一团可怖的混沌。他将毁灭——然而，他不该如此。我要再试一次。

ABBOT: This should have been a noble creature: he / Hath all the energy which would have made / A goodly frame of glorious elements, / Had they been wisely mingled; as it is, / It is an awful chaos—light and darkness— / And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts, / Mix’d, and contending without end or order, / All dormant or destructive. He will perish, / And yet he must not; I will try once more.

[下。]

[Exit.]

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第三幕，第二场

ACT III, SCENE II

场景： 城堡中另一室内。

Scene: Another Chamber in the Castle.

曼弗雷德与赫尔曼上场。

MANFRED and HERMAN.

赫尔曼： 大人，您吩咐我在日落时分听候差遣。太阳正沉入山后。

HERMAN: My lord, you bade me wait on you at sunset: / He sinks behind the mountain.

曼弗雷德： 是吗？我要看看它。

MANFRED: Doth he so? / I will look on him.

(他走向窗边。)

(MANFRED advances to the Window.)

辉煌的日轮啊！你是早期自然与那强健无疾的人类的偶像——那些由天使所生、拥有更胜天使之美色的巨人族类，曾因他们而堕落、永不得归返的迷途精灵们的偶像。

Glorious Orb! the idol / Of early nature, and the vigorous race / Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons / Of the embrace of angels, with a sex / More beautiful than spirits, and before / The worlds were yielded to the spirit of the air.

最辉煌的日轮啊！那才是配得上你的崇拜，在你的创生奥秘被揭示之前！你啊，全能者最早的仆役，你曾令迦勒底牧羊人在山巅心旷神怡，直至他们倾心祷告！

Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere / The mystery of thy making was reveal'd! / Thou earliest minister of the Almighty, / Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts / Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd / Themselves in orisons!

你是物质之神！是那不可知者的化身！你这主要的星辰！众星的中心，你令我们的地球尚可居住……四季之父！气候与居住其中者的君主！

Thou material God! / And representative of the Unknown— / Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief star! / Centre of many stars! which mak’st our earth / Endurable... Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes, / And those who dwell in them!

你升起，照耀，又在辉煌中沉落。永别了！我将再也见不到你。既然我最初那爱与惊奇的凝视是献给你的，那么，请接受我最后的凝望吧。

Thou risest, / And shin’st, and sett’st in glory. Fare thee well! / I ne’er shall see thee more. As my first glance / Of love and wonder was for thee, then take / My latest look.

你将不再照耀这样一个凡人：于他而言，生命与温暖的馈赠，反倒成了更致命的灾厄。它沉落了——我将随之而去。

Thou wilt not beam on one / To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been / Of a more fatal nature. He is gone: / I follow.

[曼弗雷德下。]

[Exit MANFRED.]

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第三幕，第三场

ACT III, SCENE III

场景： 山间。曼弗雷德的城堡在远处。塔楼前的一处平台。

Scene: The Mountains—the Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower.

时间： 暮色。

Time: Twilight.

赫尔曼与曼努埃尔上场。

HERMAN and MANUEL.

赫尔曼： 真是够奇怪的。年复一年，一夜接一夜，他就在这塔楼里长时间守夜，无人得见……不过，确实有一间密室，从未有人进去过。我宁愿拿出过去三年的全部工钱，只求能窥探其中的奥秘。

HERMAN: ’Tis strange enough; night after night, for years, / He hath pursued long vigils in this tower, / Without a witness. ... There is a room / Which none have enter’d: I would give the free / Full earnings of my last three years to scan / Its mysteries.

曼努埃尔： 那会很危险。知道多少，就满足于多少吧。

MANUEL: It were a dangerous spy-light; be content / With what thou know’st already.

赫尔曼： 唉，曼努埃尔！……在曼弗雷德伯爵出生之前，我侍奉的是他的父亲，而伯爵与他父亲并不相像。

HERMAN: Ah! Manuel! ... I served / His father, whom he naught resembles.

曼努埃尔： 我说的不是相貌或身形，而是心智与习性。西吉斯蒙德伯爵也骄傲，但快乐不羁……他不与书本和孤寂为伴……他不会像狼一样独自徘徊于岩石森林间，也不会避开人群和他们寻欢作乐的去处。

MANUEL: I speak not of features or of form, / But mind and habits. Count Sigismund was proud, / But gay and free as on a battlefield; / ... He had no silent thoughts, nor solitary pastimes, / Nor ever shunn’d the light or his fellow-men.

赫尔曼： 请别怪我多嘴，但那真是快活的时光啊！……

HERMAN: Beseech you, do not blame me, / But those were happy times!

曼努埃尔： 哦，赫尔曼，我在这里面见过些古怪的事。那确实是个不寻常的夜晚。我记得当时也是暮色，就像现在一样……曼弗雷德伯爵当时，就像现在一样，在他的塔楼里……但陪伴在他身边的，是他漫游与守夜时唯一的同伴：她，在世间一切生灵中，似乎是唯一一个他所爱的——而他也确实，因血缘的关系，理应去爱——阿斯塔特小姐，他的——

MANUEL: Oh, Herman! I have seen within these walls / Strange sights and sounds. ... That was a night indeed! / I do remember ’twas an hour like this; / ... Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,— / How occupied, we knew not, but with him / The sole companion of his wanderings / And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things / That lived, the only thing he seem’d to love,— / As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do, / The lady Astarte, his—

(突然。)

(Suddenly stops.)

嘘！谁来了？

Hush! who comes here?

(修道院长上场。)

(Enter the ABBOT.)

院长： 你们的主人在哪里？

ABBOT: Where is your master?

赫尔曼： 在他的塔楼里。

HERMAN: Yonder in the tower.

院长： 我必须和他谈谈。

ABBOT: I must speak with him.

曼努埃尔： 这不可能。他极重隐私，绝不能这样被打扰。

MANUEL: ’Tis impossible; / He is most private, and must not be thus / Intruded on.

院长： 纵有冲撞之咎，亦由我一身承当——但我必须见他。

ABBOT: Upon myself I take / The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be— / But I must see him.

赫尔曼： 您今晚已经见过他一次了。

HERMAN: Thou hast seen him once / To-night already.

院长： 赫尔曼！我命令你。去敲门，通报伯爵我来了。

ABBOT: Herman! I command thee, / Knock, and apprise the Count of my approach.

赫尔曼： 我们不敢。

HERMAN: We dare not.

院长： 那么看来，我只好亲自去通报我的来意了。

ABBOT: Then it seems I must / Be mine own herald.

曼努埃尔： 尊敬的神父，请留步！我恳求您，且慢！请这边走几步，容我私下相告。

MANUEL: Reverend father, stop! / I do beseech thee, pause. ... Will it please you to step aside, / And I will tell you further.

[三人同下。]

[Exeunt.]

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第三幕，第四场

ACT III, SCENE IV

场景： 塔楼内部。曼弗雷德独自一人。

Scene: Interior of the Tower. MANFRED alone.

曼弗雷德： 繁星已现，月亮高悬于积雪耀眼的群峰之上。美哉！我依然留恋于自然，因为黑夜于我，比人面更为熟悉；在她朦胧孤寂、星光点点的幽荫里，我学会了另一个世界的语言。

MANFRED: The stars are forth, the moon above the tops / Of the snow-shining mountains.— Beautiful! / I do remember out of her mid-heaven, / In the close night-hour, I have learn'd the tongue / Of another world.

我记得，年少漫游时——就在这样的一个夜晚，我曾站在罗马斗兽场的墙垣内……那地方本身化为一种宗教，心中满溢对古代伟人——那些虽死犹握权杖、仍从其骨灰瓮中统御我们灵魂的君王们——的静默崇拜。

I do remember in my youth, when I / Was gazing on the dwelling of the Caesars... / And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon / All this, and cast a wide and tender light... / Which make the dwelling of the ancient dead / A place of religion.

正是这样的一个夜晚！此时想起它，真是奇怪；但我发觉，我们的思绪往往在最该沉静有序之时，却偏偏飞得最远、最狂。

‘Tis strange that I should now / Forget it not, but find my thoughts at length / Most wander where they should be most condensed.

(修道院长上场。)

(Enter the ABBOT.)

院长： 我的好伯爵！……倘若我能以言辞或祈祷触动它，我或许能召回一个迷途但尚未全然堕落的崇高灵魂。

ABBOT: My good Lord! ... If I can touch / Thy heart by words or prayers, I may recall / A noble spirit which hath wander’d far.

曼弗雷德： 您并不了解我。我的时日已尽，我的功过已录。请回吧，否则将有危险。离开！

MANFRED: Thou know’st me not; my days are number’d, and my deeds recorded. / Retire, or fatal will it be to thee. / Begone!

曼弗雷德： 看那儿！(手指。) 您看见什么？……看那儿，我说，定睛看！(手指。) 现在告诉我您看见什么。

MANFRED: Look there! (Pointing.) What seest thou? / ...Look there, I say, and steadfastly;—now tell / What seest thou?

院长： 我看见一个幽暗可怖的形影，如同地狱之神，正从地底升起……他揭开了面容；他额上刻着雷霆的疤痕；他眼中迸发出地狱般的不朽之光。退散！

ABBOT: I see a dark and awful figure rise, / Like an infernal god, from out the earth; / ... Behold! he unveils his face; on his brow / The scar of thunder is engraved; and from / His eyes leap forth the lightnings of the pit. / Avaunt!

(一精灵上场。)

(Enter a SPIRIT.)

曼弗雷德： 宣告——你的使命为何？

MANFRED: Pronounce—what is thy mission?

精灵： 来！此人的守护精灵。来！时辰到了。

SPIRIT: Come! ... The Spirit of thy destiny. Come! The hour is come.

曼弗雷德： 我已准备好面对一切，但我否认那召唤我的力量。谁派你来的？我曾号令本质远比你们精微的存在……退到我后面去！

MANFRED: I am prepared for all things, but deny / The power which summons me. Who sent thee here? / I have commanded beings of a birth / More noble than thy kindred. Back!

精灵： 凡人！你的时辰已到。离去，我说。

SPIRIT: Mortal! thine hour is come. Away! I say.

曼弗雷德： 我知道，一直知道，我的时辰已到——但我不会将灵魂交予你这样的东西。滚开！我将如我生前一样——孤独地死去。

MANFRED: I knew it—ever knew it—but I will not / Yield up my soul to such as thee. Away! / I die as I have lived—alone.

院长： 退去！你们这些邪灵！……我以**之名命令你们——

ABBOT: Avaunt! ye evil ones!—Avaunt! I say; / Ye have no power where piety hath dwelling, / I do adjure you in the name of—

精灵： 老头！……此人已被裁定归属。我再次召唤他。离去！离去！

SPIRIT: Old man! ... This man is forfeited. Once more I summon him—Away! Away!

曼弗雷德： 我蔑视你们——尽管我感到灵魂正离我而去……但我依然蔑视你们！……不——我是我自己的毁灭者，今后也将是我自己的主宰。退下吧，你们这些受挫的魔怪！死亡之手已按在我身上——但非你们之手！

MANFRED: I do defy ye;—though I feel my soul / Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye; / ... No—I have been my own destroyer, and will be / My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends! / The hand of death is on me—but not yours!

(精灵们消失。)

(The SPIRITS vanish.)

院长： 唉！你面色如此苍白……噢，将你的祈祷献给上天吧——祈祷吧——哪怕只在心中——但不要这样死去！

ABBOT: Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white— / And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat / The accents rattle:—Give thy prayers to Heaven— / Pray—albeit but in thought—but die not thus.

曼弗雷德： 结束了——我昏花的双眼已无法聚焦于你……永别了——将你的手给我。

MANFRED: ’Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not; / But all things swim around me, and the earth / Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well— / Give me thy hand.

院长： 冰冷——冰冷——直透心底——但尚有一愿……唉！你感觉如何？

ABBOT: Cold—cold—even to the heart— / But yet one prayer—Alas! how farest thou?

曼弗雷德： 老先生……死去，并非那么艰难。

MANFRED: Old man! ’tis not so difficult to die.

(曼弗雷德死去。)

(MANFRED dies.)

院长： 他去了——他的灵魂已踏上无尘的旅程；但去往何方？我惧于思索——但他确实去了。

ABBOT: He’s gone—his soul hath ta’en its earthless flight; / Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

[剧终]

[END OF THE DRAMA]